

our hands. Would you like me to find out for you?"

Paul Terhune gulped. He had scarcely dared hope for such luck.

The police had arrived, with photographers, finger-print experts, doctors, and the rest of their team. A phone call had been received from Staunton saying he was coming over at once.

Paul Terhune had no official standing in the case, and gladly slipped away with Doctor Mitchell.

The hospital was a large one, and there was a separate department for records and files. Dr Mitchell set to work to hunt through many cabinets of charts and documents, and finally unearthed three massive files.

"Here we are! Here are the particulars of all the experiments Professor Reinland has carried out during the ten years he has been here.

"We'll go through them from the beginning, and if there is nothing about Chako I shall be very much surprised."

They seated themselves at a long desk. The evening was warm, and the doctor opened the windows.

Hardly had they settled down when a knock came at the door and a policeman came in.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said to Mitchell, "but you are wanted by the district attorney down in your office. Everyone is meeting there."

So Mitchell went away, and the private detective soon made himself as comfortable as possible with the voluminous files. He found himself beginning back in 1956 and worked forward.

It was soon evident to him that Professor Reinland had advanced ideas on things. He seemed to believe nothing was impossible to a skilled surgeon, and had taken all kinds of risks to prove his theories.

"I wish I could experiment with human beings!" he wrote at one point in his notes.

The Killer's Grip

PAUL TERHUNE became very interested. He saw that all the experiments were leading up to something. As he worked through the years he realised the professor had been seized with only one ambition, to experiment on human beings.

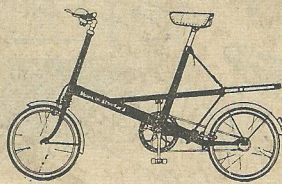


HARRY THE HORNET SAYS—



THE LUCKY LADS NAMED BELOW ARE THE "SPOT THE TEAM" PRIZE WINNERS.

1ST PRIZE WINNER



Mark Warren, 10 Everard House, Regent Road, Salford 5, Lancs., has won this wonderful new Moulton cycle.

2ND PRIZE WINNER



Anthony Lamb, 619 Green Lanes, Harringay, London, N.8, has won a complete football outfit. Anthony's prize includes a track suit and a football.



Match-size plastic World-Cup souvenir footballs have been sent to the "Hornet" readers named below:—

- David Mellors, Long Eaton, Nottingham.
- Peter Spizewski, London, W.10.
- Brian W. Muir, Paisley.
- Malvern Chivers, Peckham Rye East, London, S.E.15.
- Jimmy Brunning, Triangle, near Halifax.
- Stephen Price, Wolverhampton.
- Christopher Morris, Cardiff.
- Mark Rolph, Lowestoft.
- Andrew Evans, Rugby.
- Christopher Winter, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.
- Russell Davies, Caernarvon.
- Andrew Lovelady, Huyton, near Liverpool.
- Albert Middleton, Aberdeen.
- Ian Roberts, Mitcham, Surrey.
- Trevor Wilson, Penrith.
- John Clack, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.
- Michael Ashton, Audenshaw, Manchester.
- Diarmaid MacDermott, Derry.
- J. K. Pybus, Darlington.
- Terry Irwin, Coleraine.
- Alexander Young, Newport-on-Tay.
- Michael Sanlon, Belfast, 13.
- James Woodrow, Hoveton, Norwich.
- Robert Gordon, Beechwood, Middlesbrough.
- Stephen Mills, Llantwit Major, Glamorgan.
- Hilary Gurvitz, Hendon.
- W. J. Hedley, Middlesbrough.
- John Scupham, Scarborough.
- Craig Thomson, Glenrothes.
- James Mainland, Lerwick.
- Alastair Annand, Elgin.

- Chris Woodhouse, Epsom.
- George Park, Tollerton, York.
- Graeme Law, Edinburgh, 12.
- Paul Baker, Portslade, Sussex.
- Alasdair Martin, Auchterarder, Perthshire.
- Stuart Clayton, Scunthorpe.
- Robert Patterson, Annan.
- Anthony Bromage, London, S.E.17.
- Kevin Cawood, Leeds, 12.
- Thomas Divers, Glasgow, W.1.
- Robert Tyson, Harlow.
- John Buchanan, Omagh.
- Kevin Ashcroft, Holyhead, Anglesey.
- Michael Hosmer, Paddock Wood, near Tonbridge.
- John Gourlay, St Andrews.
- Robert Molloy, Stretford, near Manchester.
- Keigh Harrison, Loxley, near Sheffield.
- Martin Clarke, Saxmundham, Suffolk.
- Robert Feely, Liverpool, 6.



These were the correct answers to the "Spot the Team" Competition:—

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. MANSFIELD TOWN | 13. PARTICK THISTLE |
| 2. ALDERSHOT | 14. BARROW |
| 3. CRYSTAL PALACE | 15. LUTON TOWN |
| 4. SUNDERLAND | 16. SWANSEA TOWN |
| 5. MONTROSE | 17. COWDENBEATH |
| 6. CELTIC | 18. MOTHERWELL |
| 7. CHELSEA | 19. TORQUAY UNITED |
| 8. BOLTON WANDERERS | 20. ASTON VILLA |
| 9. DUNDEE UNITED | 21. HULL CITY |
| 10. CARDIFF CITY | 22. FULHAM |
| 11. PORTSMOUTH | 23. EVERTON |
| 12. MANCHESTER UNITED | 24. SOUTHEND UNITED |

Finally there came the mention of gorillas. Reinland had decided they were the next best to human beings, and had from time to time purchased various young specimens which had generally died in captivity.

It was not until 1958 that there was any mention of a gorilla called Chako. There was an entry:—

"Today I have acquired a full-grown young gorilla in good health. It's a perfect specimen, greyish-brown in colour. We have great hopes of it.

"If only I could obtain the necessary material for the Great Experiment."

Paul Terhune leaned forward, his eyes glued to the page. He was getting to something at last.

There were several pages of notes following. They would give the clue he wanted. He lifted the book from the desk and settled back in his chair to study the notes.

Professor Reinland went on—

"I have been in touch with the authorities about my requirements. They are not in favour. They are as biased as they were a hundred years ago. What good is a dead man to anyone? If science can be advanced by——"

Steely fingers suddenly clamped around Paul Terhune's throat from behind, lifting him from the chair with such suddenness that his senses were blacked out.

The book of records flew from his hand and struck the lamp on the table. There was a crash, and the light went out. He was left in total darkness, struggling with his unseen assailant

Caught from behind, he was at a terrible disadvantage. His senses were swimming. He could not think clearly.

The chair went over and he was left suspended in mid-air, held from the ground by those terrible hands.

They squeezed and twisted at the same time, and the one clear thought that shot through his brain was the knowledge that he was in the hands of the killer, the creature who had slain all the others.

Then all conscious thought left him and he was merely a struggling, quivering, floundering figure kicking out madly in all directions.

It was not his fault he kicked the desk over, or that the crash resounded through the build-